

To the R E A D E R.
THE following Letters from Mr. INKLE to his
Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE, at Gloucester, made

their first Appearance at Mrs. MILLER'S POETICAL
COTERIE, at Bathaston Villa, (being in some Measure
applied to the subject of the Poetical Alliance
merits of the Week, which was, "The ancient and

MODERN DRESS and MANNERS of the ENGLISH
POETICAL LETTERS

sent to the Publick under their original Disadvantage of the
Somersetshire Dialect, which rendered them unintelligible.

Mr. INKLE, a FREEMAN of BATH,

applied to me to direct them of this Peculiarity, and like-
wise to purge them of many Provincial Modes of Expre-

His W I F E at GLOCESTER.
from which the Writings of this honest Gentleman were

a little Tale
exceedingly improved in this Situation, (together with many
considerable Additions Mr. INKLE has made to them.)

they are now presented to your Perusal, and I think

you will still find them humble Servants, as I

The EDITOR.

To the R E A D E R.

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Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE, at Gloucester, made
their first Appearance at Mrs. MILLER'S POETICAL
COTERIE, at Batheaston Villa, seeming in some Measure
applicable to the Subject given out for the Poetical Amuse-
ments of the Week, which was, "The ANTIENT and
" MODERN DRESS and MANNERS of the ENGLISH
" NATION COMPARED." They have since been pre-
sented to the Publick under their original Disadvantage of the
Somersetshire Dialect, which rendered them unintelli-
gible to many of MR. INKLE'S Readers; We therefore
applied to me to divest them of this Peculiarity, and like-
wise to purge them of many Provincial Modes of Expres-
sion, with which the Writings of this honest Gentleman were
exceedingly replete: In this Situation, (together with many
considerable Additions Mr. INKLE has since made to them,)
they are once more submitted to your Perusal, by*

Your humble Servant,

The EDITOR.



No—I'd have thee to know I can walk pretty stout.

Since I've found an infallible Cure for the Gout.

For the Doctor I've drest with Edges and Legs

So stretch'd out my sinews, and hammer'd my Legs.

My

Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

My Heel I can raise, and my Toe I can bend down,

And, by Jove, I'm resolv'd to get out of the Bilboes.

At **GLOCESTER.**

And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows.

Moreover, dear Wife, when I'm absent from you

CONTAINING

Mr. INKLE's Motives for writing Verse—His Panegyric upon

Discipline—female Accomplishments—Preparations for the

Ball—Absurdity of former Ages in point of Dress and

Manners.

AN D so, as I told thee before, my dear Wife,

I'll go to the Ball tho' it cost me my Life.

—Must I be shut up, till like poor Neighbour Shallow I

I am smok'd like a Joss in mine own little Parlour?



No—I'd have thee to know I can walk pretty stout,
Since I've found an infallible Cure for the Gout,
For the Doctor I've try'd, has with Wedges and Pegs
So stretch'd out my Sinews, and hammer'd my Legs,
So suppl'd the Joint, by tormenting the Tendon,
My Heel-I can raise, and my Toe I can bend down,
And, by Jove, I'm resolv'd to get out of the Bilboes,
And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows.—
Moreover, dear Wife, when I'm absent from you,
I'd fain with the Muses my Friendship renew,
And send you a pretty poetic Narration
The Result of my deep and profound Penetration;
And since such a Number of Poets, it seems,
Must daily be quaffing of Helicon's Streams,
(While Phœbus looks on with so placid an Eye.)
I'd fain take a Drop, for her Channels are dry;
I too would relume my poetical Fire,
And take down my worm-eaten rusty old Lyre.

THE EDITOR

Suspended e'er since the fond rapturous Days,
 Yourself first inspir'd, and approv'd of my Envy;
 Then tell me no more of your great Cousin's Smiles,
 You may find me no less entertaining than Him,
 My Numbers perhaps may be full as sublime
 And I think I've as easy a Knack at a Rhyme,
 Like him to enliven my musical Vein
 A few Latin Fragments I still may retain,
 Which Dr. ORBILUS, (whose Form to this Day
 If chance Indigestion my Spirits ail,
 In ill-boding Wig, rusty Callock array'd
 Still is wont in dire Visions my Hall to invade)
 Such pains to inculcate, such fondness did show
 To imprint in my Childhood — The world shall all know
 These learned Posters still boast of the Scars,
 So early they bore in my classical Wars;

To procure some English Verse to be set to the Tune of the Anthem.

Oh Goddess! who rul'st with omnipotent Sway,
 Whose Empire the Realms of fair Learning obey;
 Whate'er be thy Name, who with awful Command
 Bear'st Ferules and Rods in thy merciless Hand,
 How well thy true Kindness, thy Judgement appears
 In guiding our tender and innocent Years!
 With Frowns on thy Visage, with Wrath in thy Breast,
 With Taunts, loud Reproaches, and Heart-galling Jest,
 Compelling meek Childhood's first Dawn to explore
 The Regions of gloomy grammatical Lore,
 Thou driv'st all thy Pupils to Pindus at once,
 Ne'er casting one pitying Look at a Dunce;
 To thee do we owe, to thy fostering Aid
 Such Numbers that woo the poetical Trade,
 Who tho' very often they're left in the Lurch,
 With respect to Preferment in State, or in Church,
 By vast Application at length have been able
 To procure some Employment in Phœbus's Stable,

To oil y^e his Nag, and whenever it suits, And y^e may do
 May polish his Stirrups, and liquor his Boots,
 Or under the Muses get pretty good Places,
 By cleaning their Slippers, and vamping their Bases,
 And turn out at last very musical Fellows
 By blowing their Organs, and mending the Bellows,
 An Honour, most Critics, I'm sure, will agree
 May be justly conferr'd on such Skill and Art
 Tho' none of your Baublers, or Scurvy fellows
 Who like me know the World, and have studied Mankind:
 How in Judgement, Experience, and Taste I excel
 The following Letter, dear Dinah, may tell

Makes a Progress in all the Good Things thou hast taught her:
 You may talk what you will of your old fashion'd Feast
 That would last for a Month, or a Fortnight at least
 Where Aldermen's Wives, and their Daughters would gudge
 And the Husbands get drunk o'er a Pipe and a Bottle:

You may boast, if you please, that your County of Glo'ster
 Will be drunk for a Twelvemonth, whatever it cost her,
 I think our good Member is far more polite
 To give us an elegant Dance for the Night,
 And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Supper,
 While Folk of no Fashion drink Tea at the Upper,
 And since I am held in such vast Estimation
 To be courted by all the great Men of the Nation,
 I think it the best Entertainment of all,
 To taste the sweet Cream of a Quality Ball,
 And thither I'll go, tho' I stomp upon Crutches,
 To hear the *Ben Mors* of a Duke or a Ditcher.

Our *MARY* too, who's a Girl of Discretion,
 And known to most Persons of Rank and Condition,
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire
 Th' indelicate Feast of an old Country Squire.

She says, there is something so vulgar and nasty,
 In greasing your Mouth with a hot Venison Pasty,
 Which the Freeman of Bath all expected to feast on
 With their generous Friend the good Squire of Bathaston
 In Pudding there's something so chumfy and clunchy,
 And something so filthy, so stinking in Pouch;
 Nay she vows 'twould be strange and exceed all Belief,
 Should a Freeman of Bath love a Surloin of Beef;
 And as far as I judge from our eating and drinking
 Our Members are much of the same Way of thinking.

And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daughter
 Makes a Progress in all the fine Things thou hast taught her;
 Not like thy old Grandmother Dorothy Dunsome,
 Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Rib of Soap;
 She'll Dance a Cotion—make Verses—draw Faces—
 Read Novels—sing Catches—and Rudy the Graces;
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

She has many a pretty French Word at Command,
 That sounds vastly sweet, yet I can't understand,
 For French is a Language so very genteel,
 That a few little Words will imply a great deal,
 So very concise, and so given to vary,
 'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary,
Savoir ditte! Bon Ten! that's as much as to say, or all
 We grow more polite, and improve every Day,
 That forgetting and drinking we know the best Rules,
 And our Fathers and Mothers were Blockheads and Fools,
 That Dress, Cards, and Dancing, alone shoud engage
 This far more enlighten'd and delicate Age. I won't say
 You must know, too, that Mother has a wonderful Passion
 To appear like a Lady of very high Fashion,
 So I'll tell thee, dear Dinah, how well she contriv'd
 The very last Moment her Ticket to my dear
 Read Novels—and give her a Ticket to my dear

She was pleas'd to be sure—but (as often I've heard
 In weighty Concerns) she took Time to consider
 Then with Presence of Mind flying up to the Cartel
 Brought down my old Wig, that's as red as a Carrot
 And to it she went, dear, ingenious, sweet soul,
 Drawing up the old Cantill it fitted her Pole
 Then with Dripping and Flour did so baste it and frizzle
 The Hairs all became of a beautiful Grizzle
 Those Curls which a Barber would view with Desire
 She did coax, twist, and twine, with such skill, and such care
 With Combs, Pins, and Paste, make such frequent attacks on
 She triumph'd at length—and sadd'd the old Caxon
 Which done, on the Front in a Cushion did wrap
 Till the Foretop stood up like a Grenadier's Cap
 On which all her Jewels at once she display'd
 Bought of Solomon's Shop—*who was leaving off Trade*
 What a Bargain was there for getting a Sum!
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

She Then deck'd with fair Fruits, and gay Flow'ets, all twined
 In a Posie as thick as a Broom behind,
 Then with Precious Ringlets to flow,
 Brought down my old Man in a Row.
 And so it was, dear, ingenious, sweet soul,
 What now would it then think could remain to be done,
 To make our dear Mamma more completely the Town?
 Fast asleep on my Couch, and of thee, my dear, dreaming,
 Those Girls, On a sudden I heard a most horrible screaming,
 she darted in, "Ture these barbarous Straits in the Attic
 With Complaints, "Are the Voice of one yelling in Dirty Chrysalis,
 She triumph'd at last, "I'll listen awhile, very likely they may
 Which does not, "For I know Mamma's Matter is coming to Day,
 Till the Fortnight, "If so, my dear Child, I'll be with thee then
 On which, "And hear how your musical Lecture goes on,
 Bought or sold, "But good lack-a-day! when did I hold a good tub
 What a Poshan, "What a wonderful sight did I see in her Chamber
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

*As fure as I live, there was MADGE in her Smock,
 Laying hard at the Tail of our old Dunghill Cock!
 She pluck'd it—and pull'd it—and tore from the Stump
 All the Feathers that cloth'd his unfortunate Rump,
 And away to her Toilet her Image to view,
 On the Wings of Impatience and Rapture she flew,
 While Susan behind, with a Simper and Leer,
 Unmov'd heard the Clamburs of poor Chanticleer,
 One hand o'er his Dug's Flock held lawless Dominion,
 T'other Mutton Fift' tyranis'd under his Pinion,
 While envious Crimalkin with Whiskers display'd
 In Death-boding Moomins the Hero dismay'd,
 With fire-darting Eye-balls expanding her Claws,
 Wreath'd her Tail with self Transport, and cruel Applause

But alas! to his Fortune, his Interest blind,
 * The Editor is sensible how very far Mr. INKLE's Description must fall short of
 the inimitable Design of the Frontispiece, which however, He cannot value more as
 a masterly Performance, than as a kind Token of Approbation and Regard from
 his worthy and ingenious Friend COFFESTONE WARRIE BARNETTABLE, Esq. of
 Hestercombe, in Somersetshire.

Whenever they shall alter their Measure:

How blam'd by the sensible Part of Mankind!

* King's-College Chapel, at Cambridge

In a Land so remote, in that barbarous Ground,
 When Victory spread her glad Ensigns around,
 To sheathe the fell Sword; in a Ransom engage;
 So unlike many other great Chiefs of the Age,—
 To feel for the helpless—to hear the fond Prayer
 Of Widows and Orphans;—to bow down, and to kneel—
 From foolish Compassion to hazard that Gain,
 Which others by fair, lawful Plunder obtain.

As for those happy Spoils, which as lawful and fair,
 MADGE had plunder'd and left the poor Garrison bare,
 Thou ne'er can'st conceive, thou dear Wife of my Bosom,
 How cunning, how feat, he did cut and dispose 'em;
 But to fit a Description to Folk at a Distance,
 Requires supernatural Aid and Assistance,
 I never can make it quite handsome and clever,
 Unless the kind Muses will grant me a Favour,
 Which Freeman and Poets should claim at their Pleasure,
 Whenever they chuse it—to alter their Measure:

To a Cap like a Bat

(Which was once my Cravat)

Part gracefully platted and pinned is,

Part stuck upon Gauze

Resembles Mackaws

And all the fine Birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest

A bold Amazon's Crest

Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,

At once to surprize

And to ravish all Eyes,

To frighten and charm the Beholder.

In short, Head and Feather

And Wig altogether

With Wonder and Joy would delight ye,

Like the Picture I've seen
Of th' adorable Queen

Of beautiful, blisſt Otaheter

Who gave ſuch a Ball,

To our merry Men all,

And there did ſo friſk it and dance it,

Some thought her as fine,

And ſome did opine,

'Twas Venus herſelf in her Train.

While the black Maids of Honour

That waited upon her,

(The Sight ſo uncommon and odd is)

Brought Philoſophers Eyes,

From the Orbs in the Skies,

To gaze at their Heavenly Bodies.

But MANDAL at the Rooms,
 Must beware of her Plumes,
 For if VULCAN her Feather embraces,
 Like poor Lady LAYCOCK,
 She'll burn like a Haycock,
 And roast all the Loves and the Graces.

Oh! I wish you could see, my dear Spouse, all this while
 How she copies your sweet irresistible Smile!
 How she simpers, and prinks, while the Glass is before her,
 And calls all the CUPIDS around to adore her;
 With a Grace and an Air so genteel and becoming,
 Signiora SQUALLINA's new Minuet humming,
 Now backward she moves, now her Steps doth advance,
 With the same winning Ogle, the same LING'ring Glance,
 Which beam'd from your Eyes, with such Lustre divine,
 They thaw'd all my Ice, in the Fear thirty nine.

And made me at once so my Senses forget,
 I fear I have hardly recover'd them yet,
 For why ye must stucco, and whitewash your Faces,
 (A Fashion which Madge with such Rapture embraces)
 Then ruddle them over like Sheep for the Market,
 I must own, my dear Wife, I am quite in the Dark yet;
 But I've no kind of Doubt, she is quite in the right,
 As the World all allows 'tis extremely polite,
 As your fine travel'd Ladies, old Madam VAN-CRONE,
 And Lady ROVER-DRAON declare 'tis the Ton;
 A Ton, which I needs must approve in the main,
 As I never shall see an old Woman again;
 For ev'ry Perfumer I find will engage
 To remove the most desperate Symptom of Age,
 For Lotions cosmetic consults the Opinions
 Of Turks, Jews, Circassians, Chineses, and Armenians,
 Boasts Drugs which lost Features at once will renew,
 And restore an old Face to its Juvenile Hue;

Will teach the fair **HEBE** in **Washes** to lark, and made me **beA**
 And **CUPID** his Head from a **Gallipot** perk, and **over** I **teat** I
 E'en **Pimples** and **Freckles** to **Beauties** improve, why **not**
 And **(make** ev'ry **Wrinkle** the **outing** of **Love**:—**non** **7 A**)

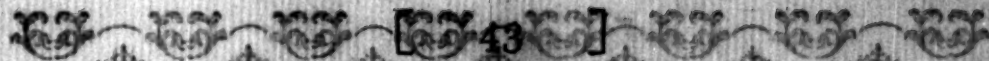
" Oh Land of **Refinement** ! Oh Nation how **blest** !"
 Are Things then so dear ? are the People **distrest** ?—**sum** **I**

No, no my dear **DINAH**, I'll prove to the **State**,
 Youth and **Beauty** are sold at so easy a **Rate**,
 I can buy you for **Six-pence**, as much as you please,
 * At **JOLLY'S**, at **DAWSON'S**, or **Mrs. FURDIE'S**

Lack-a-day ! how her **Throat** doth our **MARGERY** raise,
 How *shove up* her **Bosom**, and *shove down* her **Stays** ?
 For to make a young Lady a true **polite Figure**,
 You must **cramp up** her **Sides** that her **Breasts** may look **bigger**,
 And her's tho' a **Chicken** as yet, my dear **DINAH**,
 Stand forth full as **plump**, and as **jolly** as thine are ;

Boasts Drugs which lost Features at once will renew,

* **Perfumers at BATH.**
 And restore an old Face to its **Juvenile Hue** ;



And why should she leave any Charm for Conjecture,

Like the Figure you see in your Grandmother's Picture,

With her Neck in a Ruff, and her Waist in a Girdle,

And her Throat like a Ram's that is caught in a Hurdle,

Her Head like the Baptist's when plac'd in a Charger—

I'm sure, my dear Wife, you have long'd to enlarge her,

You never as yet did those Beauties conceal,

Which Nature intended your Sex to reveal;

And I'm happy that MADGE has acquir'd such a Spice

Of your excellent Manners, and wholesome Advice,

Has the Spirit, the Taste, the good Nature, and Sense,

To treat all Mankind at so small an Expence;

And whilst I instruct her that Path to pursue,

So well pointed out, so well trodden by you,

I'm sure, my dear DICK, you never can think ill,

Of your ever sincere, and affectionate INKLE.

BATH, Dec^r 4, 1775.



LETTER II.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOCESTER.

CONSISTING OF

*Similes—Easy Postures of modern fine Ladies—Well-bred
Speeches—High Life at the Ball—Sudden Arrival of
an old Acquaintance.*

ONCE more, O! ye Muses, from Pindus descend,
And bid all the Graces your Footsteps attend,
Who oft' at Elections are wont to prolong
The keen-pointed Epigram, Ballad, or Song,
With your own odoriferous Water to sprinkle
The Pose I twine, for my dear Mrs. INKLE,

Not launch'd with more Glory, more Splendour and Pride,
 The new-tackled Bark skims down the brisk Tide;
 Her Streamers display'd, and the Wind in her Poop;
 Than Madge sall'd forth in her Feather and Hoop;
 But how great her Surprise, when the Men in despair
 First look'd at her Topfail, and then at their Chair,
 Half grumbling, half sneering, did seem quite unwilling,
 Till the Goddess of Wisdom in Shape of a Shilling,
 While MADGE was attempting her Rigging to push in,
 With Fingers invisible whipt out the Cushion;
 And then, like a Pistol too big for the Holster
 Half in, and half out; or an obstinate Bolster
 (Which I think, I have seen you attempting, my Dear,
 In vain to cram into a small Pillowcase)
 Thrice did she endeavour her Head in to pop,
 And thrice was her Feather caught hold by the Top;
 At length, poor dear Soul, very ill in her Case
 She sat with her Head almost jamm'd to her Knees;

I never did yet any Vessel discern

So high in her Bow-sprit, and low in her Stern;

To conceive how she look'd, you must call to your Mind

The Lady you've seen in a Lobster confin'd,

Or a Pagod in some little Corner inscrib'd,

Where with Knees both erected, and squat on his Breech

Unhappy Divinity sticks in a Nitch;

But ne'er did I see such a comical Motion,

Nor ever, dear Wife, canst thou form any Notion

How cramp'd in this Posture

They wrigg'd, and tost her,

While every Step that they trod,

Her Foretop and Nose

Beat Time to their Toes,

And her Feather went—niddity—nod.

Mean while pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,
 I tott'ring on two Sticks went hobbl'ing along;
 Tho' I very much fear that she thought me a Fogram,
 All stuck out in Sattins, and in my Crogam,
 Yet I'd have her to know, in my Sunday Surtout,
 Silk Hose—*new Peruke*—Frill—and Ruffles to Boot,
 I claim'd such Respect, did such Favours receive,
 I ne'er shall forget them as long as I live;
 For thou know'st my dear Wife, I esteem it delicious
 To appear in high Life, and am vastly ambitious
 To be squeez'd, as I was, by my Lord PLANKWINKLE,
 With—"your Servant, good Sir,"—"how dy do Mr. LITTLE;
 "What Joy, my dear Friend, all the World are you giving,
 "To see you once more in the Land of the Living!
 "So chearful and brisk too, I'd venture a Million
 "If you laid down your Cane, you could dance a Cotillion—
 "Your Lady looks charming, I burn to acquaint her—
 My dear Lord, says I,—"Mrs. LITTLE's at Glosester—

- "Lack-a-day, he replies then, 'twas Lady KILLWINKLE
 "Who I think is exceedingly like Mrs. INKLE;—
 "Mrs. INKLE not here!—this is no Ball without her—
 "She has carry'd away all the Graces about here—
 "Your Lady at Gloucester!—and pray do you hear!
 "Mr. INKLE, how Matters are jogging on there?
 "I've a Friend, my dear Sir, at th' ensuing Election
 "Who pants to receive your Advice and Protection—
 "I wish you'd—says I, "my dear Lord, say no more;
 "Your wish is enough, your Commands I adore;
 "And I'm sure Mrs. INKLE will think it an Honour
 "If your Lordship will lay your kind Orders upon her;
 "'Tis true I've no Vote—but I'll use my Endeavour
 "I have Interest much at your Service however
 "For I'm promis'd my Lord—but (I beg and desire
 "I beseech as an Alms you won't let it transpire)
 "Give me Leave just to whisper a Word in your Ear
 "Let us step in the Card Room—there's nobody there,

—“ I am promis'd, my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POTWOBLE—

“ The Votes of three Taylors—two Smiths—and a Cobler,—

“ At this quite transported, one Hand he did put on

“ My Shoulder, with t'other caught hold of my Button,

“ Mr. INKLE, says he, (and he shook it a little)

“ I profess you have hit this Affair to a Tittle,

“ And since with such Kindness, such Friendship, you meant it,

“ Depend upon't, Sir, you shall never repent it.”

I thought this Account, my dear DRYAN, would please ye;

(And the Irish Establishment now is so easy)

The least I expect if Things properly fadge,

Is a Pension for me—and a Husband for Mance;

Thus with Nods, Winks, and Simpers, each other delighting;

And poking our Heads out, like Game-Cocks a fighting,

We stuck out our Rumps with respect most profound,

And parted like Cart-Whips bent down to the Ground.

Lady D'OLLY PRINCE, at very first Sight

Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite,

Mr. INKLE, says she, "you do well to come out."

"A Ball is an excellent cure for the Gout, does it not?"

"Miss MADGE is so happy, and you are so hearty, said she."

"Come, come, you shall both drink your Tea in our Party."

"Here are some queerish Figures, it must be confest, Mr."

"But your Daughter, Miss INKLE, I vow, and protest, I

"Is what I call—prettily—modestly—drest; and well."

"Young Ladies are often so awkward and raw."

"At their first coming out, but I never yet saw any I

"Before so polite an Assembly as this is, said she."

"An easier, better-bred Creature than Miss is, said she."

"Quite a Woman of Fashion—now don't you think so, said she."

"Pray speak the plain Truth, my dear GORGE DE CRAPAUD?"

Madam GORGE DE CRAPAUD cries,—"Wee, Ma'am, Oh! qu'on"

Von Sharmangest Paerfong, I never was seen—"

But MADGE I'm afraid at the End of the Chapter

Will find little Cause for such Transport and Rapture, I

And tho' my good Lady's Politeness is such,
 I fear I have sweated my Carcase too much,
 And who at the Ball on that Night did appear,
 Who danc'd in the Van, and who limp'd in the Rear,
 What Dukes, and what Drapers, what Barbers, and Peers,
 What Marquises, Earls, and what Knights of the *Shears*,
 What Cooks, and what Co-Hintels, what Nymphs of the Brooms,
 What Mop-scepter'd Queens, came that Night to the Rooms,
 What Dashers of Ink, Pettifoggers, Musicians,
 With a *new and correct* List of all the Physicians,
 I ne'er can in suitable Numbers explain,
 Nor learned *Bathaston's* more musical Train,
 Tho' whilst the fair Virgin at *CLIO's* command,
 Is dipping for Rhymes with her Lilly white Hand,
 E'en PHÆBUS himself in support of the Cause,
 Should pop out his Head from the Tusculan Vase.*

*Mr. INKLE alludes to an elegant Antique Vase, which was once the Property of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, at his celebrated Tusculanum; and now in the Possession of the British Museum.

Alas! my dear Wife, I can never describe
 Bath's beautiful Nymphs, that adorable Tribe,
 Who like Mexican Queens in the Picture which you may
 Have seen of the Court of the great Montezuma,
 Sat in solemn array, and diversify'd Plume,
 That shed o'er their Charms its delectable Gloom,
 But at what Time they heard the Horns echoing bellow,
 The Hautboy's Grill twang, the brisk Fiddle, the mellow
 Bassoon, and the sweet-grumbling Violoncello,
 At what Time they heard the Men puff and belabour
 With Mouth, Stick, and Fist, the gay Pipe and the Tabor,
 At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,
 And take Wing like Wild-Geese alarm'd with a Gun,
 In a moment came bustling and rustling between one,
 Some coupl'd like Rabbits, a fat and a lean one,

session of JOHN MILLER, Esq. at his elegant Villa at *Batheaston*, adorned with a
 Festoon of Flowers, is appropriated to the Reception of the several poetical Pieces
 of the respective Candidates for Mrs. MILLER's Myrtle Chaplets; which Pieces
 are taken out by some young Lady to be read by one of the Company.

Some pranc'd up before, some did backward rebound,
 While some more in Earnest, with looks more profound,
 And sweat-bedew'd Foretops, did lard the lean Ground;
 But others more neat, on the Pastern arose,
 Like the Figure of PAN, whom you've seen I suppose,
 Just saluting the Turf with the Tips of his Toes;
 And as nothing, I think, can more please and engage
 Than a contrast of Stature, Complexion, and Age,
 Miss GUAN with a Partner as black as OMAH,
 KITTY TIT took her Heels with old Doctor GOLAH,
 And little JOHN CROP, like a Poney just nickt,
 With long DOLLY LOADERHEAD scamper'd and kickt,—
 Ah! sweet DOLLY LOADERHEAD—who can believe
 Who for Truth such Reports of bright Beauty receive?
 Yet I hear—tho' perfum'd you such Odours display,
 And breathe in December the Fragrance of May.

If your Head were well open'd by Louse-piercing *Dunn
 We should all be convinc'd, by more Senses than one,
 Tho' so powder'd and plumag'd it came to the Feast,
 It had ne'er tasted Small-comb this Twelvemonth at least.
 As for MADGE, tho' young SQUIR had been promis'd the Honour
 BILLY DASHER slept forth, and at once seiz'd upon her;
 His Air was so pleasing, so soft were his Speeches,
 Not to mention his new Sattin Flesh-colour'd Breeches,
 With a Shoe like a Sauce-boat, and Steeple-clock'd Hofs,
 And a filken Soubise, that bob'd up to his Nose,
 With a Watch in each Pocket, one lent by his Mother,
 To prove that one Leg should keep Time with the other,
 With a Club like a Coach-Horse's Tail in a Strap,
 And his Coat like his Beaver curtail'd of its Flap,
 With a Sleeve you'd have sworn had been sew'd to his Arm,—
 No Wonder, dear Wife, BILLY DASHER should charm;

* A celebrated Hair-Dresser at BATH.

While with Flames that keen Jealousy's Rage did improve,
 Poor SQUIRT felt the Heart-rending Passion of Love.—

—Well—He comes in good Time to improve and to love us—

—But soft—my dear Wife, I'm oblig'd to give o'er,—
 What means that astonishing Rap at the Door?

It must be some Person of FIGURE, no doubt,

And very high Breeding, that makes such a Rout,

Whoever it be, the true Thanks he deserves

Of all who have tender, and delicate Nerves—

Sure mine Eyes must deceive me, or else I could swear

'Twas your own Nephew SIM, getting out of the Chair—

Quite a new-fashion'd, Flea-colour'd Coat!—'tis—I'm sure

'Tis Sir SIMKIN himself, just arriv'd from his Tour,

Pretty tender, I find, from a Climate so warm,

As he takes at a Breeze such a sudden Alarm;

One Hand, I perceive, tho' the Wind's in the South,

Keeps thrusting his Handkerchief up to his Mouth,

He has lost his Tongue, and forgotten his own

While t'other, on which his *Camaycus* appear,

Holds a Thing call'd a *Chapeau de Bras* at his Ear,

Well—He comes in good Time to improve and refine us—

* *Tam valde ridiculus, et peregrinus,*—But I'll not—

The meaning of that is in English, my Dear,

I'm rejoic'd above Measure, and wish you were here,

As his Dress, and his Manners you needs must applaud,

So much He's improv'd by his Travels abroad,

But I hasten to pay the Respect that is due

To a Friend so esteem'd, and connected with you,

With the truest Regard I lay down my Pen,

And am yours till I've Time to resume it again.

Tis but sinking himself, just arriv'd from his Tour,

IN K L E

As he takes at a Breze such a sudden Alarm;

One Hand, I perceive, tho' the Winds in the South,

* Fragment: vet. Poet:

Keeps thrilling his Handkerchief up to his Mouth.



LETTER III.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOUCESTER.

CONTAINING

A slight Sketch of a travel'd Man—Continuation of the Ball

—An Affair of Honour—and a doleful Disasters—

A Thousand Times hug'd with outlandish Grinace
Saluted as oft on both Sides of my Face,
Distress'd with fine Speeches, some *Italiano*,
And some *en Francois*, with a smack of *Germano*,
Perform'd by Sir SIMKIN, who'd fain have it known,
He has study'd all Tongues, and forgotten his own,

In his sweet *Vis à Vis* almost poison'd to Day
 While He gap'd, and complain'd He was *tout ennuyé*
 (A disease, which, if chance a young Man it befall,
 Will make him, I find—good for nothing at all)
 Now admiring a Picture he call'd a *Madonna*,
 Then kissing a Lap-Dog he brought from Bologna—
 (Tho' I ne'er till this Moment knew what it did mean,)
 I think I have felt a small Touch of the SPLEEN,
 And with you, my dear Wife, I'll my Spirits regale,
 And catch one sweet Breeze from the Aonian Vale—
 Ah! fain I Sir SIMKIN's exploits would relate
 From the Time that He came to his Rank and Estate,
 Tell the Sights he hath seen, to what Courts He is known,
 What TREASURES brought Home—in Exchange for his own—
 But the Muse bids me now the Transactions recall
 Of that famous Night which I spent at the Ball,
 On which, I profess, both your Husband and Daughter,
 Met a deal of Respect, Entertainment, and Laughter,

For wherever we went, you've no Reason to doubt us,
 We carry'd a Pow'r of good Humour about us;
 But alas! my dear DINAH, I fain would conceal
 What Truth and Sincerity bid me reveal,
 What with Hair all dishevell'd, and Tear-blubber'd Cheek,
 MELPOMENE trembling commands me to speak,
 Commands me to tell thee, the disagreeable Story,
 That ever befel a poor Nymph in her Glory,

The Dance was just o'er, and I turn'd to employ
 My Time on more solid, more rational Joy,
 Life's truest Delights were prepar'd to begin;
 For the Supper, my Dearest, was just carry'd in,
 And the worthy good Dr. APOLOPUS and his brother I
 Had just found a Crow in a Fridge and a Pie,
 And (what I accounted exceedingly pleasant)
 Cut up an old Fowl Quack with Duff and a Phoebe.

When Sorrow who had long been attempting in vain
 The Pangs of Repentment and Love to restrain,
 At length left all Pleasure in his Heart full of wringing,
 When he saw BILLY DAVENPORT with Manner both a robbing
 And thought he might better give Vent to his pain,
 Than add to his Heat by the Sours of *la Reine*,
 So to please his Revenge, he pretended to sleep,
 And on poor RICHARD DOWNSHIP's side of his *Soupe*
 And *Soupe à la Reine* so exceedingly rich is,
 It fasten'd like Glue to his Flesh-colour'd Breach;
 At once he did roar, kick, and scabber, and swear,
 In vain like old HENRY'S Spring to treat
 The Gift fortifications, which Sorrow with a Grain
 Protested and vow'd was never meant for his Skin,
 BILLY tug'd at his Sattin girdle in a Frigate,
 The Misses scream'd out at the shocking Sight; (what I say)
 And the Doctor of Divinity with Menaces loud
 And Revenge at his Heels had assembl'd a Crowd: